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THE LITTLE HAYMAKER. *(From the Painting by W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.)*

HATTIE'S HAYMAKING.

The fairest of upland hayfields beneath the bluest of June skies, and a group of merry lads and lasses tossing the sweet-smelling mown grass on a sunny slope. That was the simple scene which a gentleman, seated beneath the grateful shade of a group of elms, was endeavoring to reproduce in his sketch-book.

He was making good progress, and the pretty picture grew in beauty beneath his touch, but presently his hand slackened, and his gaze wandered away to a little figure, which, parted somewhat from the others, pursued its work alone. As the girl—she was of about twelve or thirteen years of age—moved slowly nearer and nearer still, turning the swath with small but patient hands, the artist found himself considerably attracted by the careless grace of the childish form in its checked cotton frock, and the pensive beauty of her quiet face. "A little too quiet, perhaps, for her age," he thought, "but very sweet. She seems of quite a different class from the others; I wonder who she is?"

And then he went on touching in the red bodice of a roystering dark-eyed girl in her teens, and the gleaming white shirt sleeves of the farmer's son, who was among the party. Yet ever and anon his eyes returned with continually renewed pleasure to the modest mien of that industrious little maid in the blue print frock, who, always a trifle behind the others, pursued her work so steadily.

Dinner hour came. The hay-makers encamped beneath the shadow of a rose-dotted hedge. Great hunches of bread-and-cheese, and thick slices of cold fat bacon appeared; likewise bottles of beer. The dark-eyed girl, with mistaken good nature, offered a frothing mug to the little quiet maid. But she, smiling sadly, shook her head. The artist, who still watched the group with interest, saw that she seemed compelled to repeat this refusal several times. Then, something appeared to be said which raised a burst of coarse laughter from both men and women, and the little maid colored and looked uncomfortable. All this the artist saw, though he could not hear a word that was said.

Presently the child, with a little tin can in her hand, passed close to where he sat. He saw her fill the can at a spring out by the road-side, and she lingered, though aimlessly it seemed, by the gate before coming back. The gentleman divined that she shrank from mingling with that rough, rollicking group beneath the hedge, and he called her to him.

Would she mind standing still for a few minutes with her hay-fork in her hand, while he made a little sketch of her?

The child smiled and blushed, and said she didn't know. Her voice was gentler and more refined than the artist had expected to hear. He persuaded her, and finally, with murmured excuses for her loosened hair and missing hat, she consented to being "posed" for a picture.

As he rapidly worked, the artist tried to draw from her a few particulars about herself. Her name was Hattie Harman; her father was dead. Her mother was alive, oh, yes! but the admission was made without the faintest smile. ("Strange, that!" thought the gentleman.) She had no brothers, only one sister, a baby two years old, and it was ill. Hattie had never worked in a field before, but she did so want to earn some money, to buy eggs, and beef tea and things for baby.

"Why wouldn't you have a drink of beer when they offered it?" asked the gentleman.

"I never drink beer—I can't bear it!" answered Hattie. But he could not get her to tell him why.

It was later in the day that, talking to the farmer himself, the artist learned the whole of Hattie's story. It was very dreadful. The family were townspeople, and had once been highly respectable. But when Hattie's father died, her mother, instead of seeking comfort from God, and in loving devotion to her children, had fallen a victim to the delusive solace of intoxicating drinks. She was a clear-starcher by occupation, but was so ill to be depended upon that, though she might have done well in the neighborhood, few persons would now employ her. Her home was a desolation, and even the poor sick baby suffered from her neglect. No wonder Hattie's sad grey eyes had brightened so when the artist gave her half-a-crown for her "sitting," and that the day's work done, she forgot her fatigue in haste to run and buy food for the dear little sister before returning home.

About a week later the artist found himself at a farm-house quite fifty miles away from the village where Hattie lived. It was a wet day, and he was occupying his time touching up that water-color sketch of the little haymaker.

"Deary me, that is pretty!" said the farmer's wife, glancing over his shoulder. Adding, as if to herself, after a few minutes' earnest gazing. "It's as like as like!" Then she sighed.

"Do you know that little girl, sir, may I ask?" she questioned, with trembling voice, and wiping the mist from her glasses as she spoke.

"Not much; very little indeed," replied the artist. "She is a child I casually came across one day in a field in Hampshire. Her name was Hattie something, Hattie Harman, that was it?"

"Is it possible, sir? Is—it—possible?" gasped the farmer's wife in astonishment. "You do surprise me! Why, sir, unless I'm very much mistaken that's my own daughter's child—and the very 'model' of what Lucy was at her age! Is the mother living, sir, can you tell me that? for it's many a weary day since I heard!"

It was a brief but sad tale the artist had to tell his good hostess, but he related it as delicately as possible consistently with truth. The farmer's wife wept, undisguisedly as she heard of her daughter's degradation. "Poor dear! Poor dear!" she moaned. "If her father and me had been abstainers in her young days as we are now, she might never have come to it."

I am glad, nevertheless, to be able to end my story happily, after all. The farmer and his wife were well-to-do, Christian people. They brought this poor erring daughter and her children to their own home; and patiently helping her day by day, were by-and-by rewarded with the bliss of seeing her reclaimed from the power of the evil one to the dignity of true womanhood. The ailing baby, tenderly cared for and feasting on eggs, milk, and all the good things of a farm "galore" soon grew rosy and strong. While Hattie's eyes became so bright with gladness, and her step so joyous, that when the artist saw her again, he could scarcely believe her to be the same maiden as the sad-faced little haymaker of one short year before.—*Jennie Chappell.*

SOME RULES FOR THE TIMES.

Everything is not done by rule. Too much rule leads to formality. The great battles are not fought by rule. Sometimes our boys are ruled to death. In some homes the very dog is required to wag his tail by rule. While there may be danger of too many rules, yet there are some good old-fashioned rules our boys would do well to remember. Here are twelve golden rules for boys:

Hold integrity sacred.
Observe good manners.
Endure trials patiently.
Be prompt in all things.
Make good acquaintances.
Shun the company of loafers.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Watch carefully over your temper.
Never be afraid to be laughed at.
Fight life's battles manfully, bravely.
Use your leisure moments for study.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.—*Inland Christian Advocate.*

AN INTERESTING STORY.

Miss Deyo writes from Japan to the *Christian Intelligencer*:—

I have just been hearing such an interesting story of the people of a place about eighty or a hundred miles north-west from Tokyo. Some enterprising individuals decided that their village should have a temple, and started a subscription list to raise funds for the purpose. The plan met with favor, and nearly ten thousand dollars was subscribed. Last summer a meeting was called to discuss the matter, when several young men raised strong objections to the erection of a Buddhist temple and refused to give it their support. Buddhism, they said, was an exploded religion; no one believed it but old people and children, and their village was too intelligent for a Buddhist temple. When a Shinto temple was proposed, that met with even greater disfavor. Presently some one suggested that they should put up a Christian temple, as Christianity was the religion of Western civilization and seemed to be a part of the new ideas which were growing so popular. This suggestion was received quite favorably, but as none of them knew anything about Christianity they could not decide. Finally a committee of their number was appointed to investigate the Christian religion and report upon it. Meanwhile preparations for the building of the temple were postponed.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 25.

THE ANOINTING OF DAVID.—1 Sam. 16: 1-13.

COMMIT VERSES 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam. 16: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Childhood and youth are the preparation season for life's work.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 16: 1-23.
T. Ps. 20: 1-6.
W. Ps. 8: 1-9.
Th. Ps. 29: 1-11.
F. Ps. 119: 1-16.
Sa. Luke 19: 12-26.
Su. John 14: 12-27.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Mourn for Saul:* (1) Saul was his friend, and had disappointed him. (2) He was troubled about the kingdom, and the king, a rejected man. *Jesse:* the grandson of Boaz and Ruth. 2. *He will kill me:* the act would seem like treason. And Saul was under the influence of a bad spirit (16: 14). *I am come to sacrifice:* holding a feast as usual in connection with it. He told the exact truth, but he did not tell the whole object. 4. *The elders trembled:* they feared he might have come to reprove some sin; or they were afraid that Saul might regard them as harboring an enemy of his, and therefore destroy them. 5. *Sanctify yourselves:* by washing their garments and their bodies: and by putting away sin, and consecrating themselves to God (see Ex. 19: 10, etc.). 10. *Seven of his sons:* including the three who had already passed before Samuel. 11. *Will not sit down:* to the feast. This was a family feast, apart from the public services of the sacrifice. 12. *Ruddy:* reddish in hair and complexion, or with fresh, red cheeks. *Of a beautiful countenance:* literally, of lovely eyes. 13. *Anointed him:* devoting him to a special purpose from God. It is not likely that the family, perhaps not even David, knew the object to which he was set apart. *The spirit of the Lord:* of whom the anointing was a sign. God's spirit prepared David for his work.

SUBJECT: STEPS TO THE KINGDOM.

QUESTIONS.

I. DAVID'S CALL TO THE KINGDOM (vs. 1-11).—What were Samuel's feelings toward Saul? What reason did God give why Samuel should cease mourning? What work did he give him to do? Is work for God a solace in sorrow? What objection did Samuel make? What plan overcame this objection? Was it perfectly truthful? How did the elders of Bethlehem feel as Samuel drew near? What religious service was held? What did Samuel do at the family sacrificial feast, after the public services were over? (v. 6.) Tell all you can about Jesse and his family. Describe the way in which David was chosen. Explain verse 7. What comfort is this to many? Are the heart and soul the source of all real greatness and power?

II. DAVID SET APART FOR HIS WORK (vs. 12-13.)—Describe David's appearance. What did Samuel do to him? What was the meaning of this anointing? Did David himself know for what he was set apart? What other help was sent to him? May we have this same help? What were some of the things David was to do in his life? What work have we to do? What kingdom to gain? What kingdom to help extend over the world?

III. DAVID'S PREPARATORY SCHOOLS.—What could David learn from his care over sheep? Did he learn music? (1 Sam. 16: 18.) How did this help him? (16: 23; 1 Chron. 25: 1.) How did his faithful defence of the sheep by his sling help him? What is said of his youth? (16: 18; 18: 14). Can you see how all these things helped him to become king, and to become a wise and great king? What does Jesus say about this? (Matt. 13: 12; Luke 19: 17, 26.) Is there any better way to the best and most useful life than by doing faithfully in childhood the duties of each day?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Two cures of grief,—knowledge of God's will, and work to do for God.

II. If one person refuses to do God's work, God will raise up another in his place.

LESSON IX.—SEPTEMBER 1.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.—1 Sam. 17: 32-51.

COMMIT VERSES 45-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8: 31.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Victory over evil through faith in God by the wise use of means.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 16: 14-23.
T. 1 Sam. 17: 1-19.
W. 1 Sam. 17: 20-37.
Th. 1 Sam. 17: 38-58.
F. Eph. 6: 10-24.
Sa. Ps. 18: 1-6, 30-50.
Su. Rev. 3: 1-22.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

Israel's old enemy, the Philistines, made an incursion into Judah, and marched almost to the capital at Gibeah, and encamped on one side of the valley Elah. On the other slope Saul marshalled his army. Neither army dared to go away from his advantageous position to attack the other. After a time a giant warrior, defended by armor, came forth from the Philistine army, and proposed that the battle be decided by single combat. He defied the army of Israel to produce a champion who could kill him. This he did twice a day for forty days, inspiring the Israelites with mortal terror. Just at this juncture David arrived from Bethlehem, ten miles away, with a home remembrance for his brothers. In the army he soon learned the state of affairs, and how Saul had offered to give his daughter in marriage to the one who should slay the giant.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

32. *And David said:* led on by the Spirit of God, and by the spirit of devotion to God's cause. He was of course aware of his skill with the sling. 34. *And there came a lion:* lions and bears were not uncommon in Palestine. 37. *The Lord that delivered me:* the help God had given him in the past was the proof that he would help in the present emergency. 39. *He had not proved it:* he was unaccustomed to such armor. Had he kept on Saul's armor he would certainly have been slain. 40. *A scrip:* a small leather bag. *His sling:* with this David was very skilful, and could attack the giant from a distance. The Benjamites could sling a stone at a hair-breadth and not miss (Judg. 20: 16). 43. *Am I a dog:* the giant did not seem to see the sling, but thought David was going to try to kill him with his stick, as he would a dog. 44. *And the Philistines said:* they could be heard across the ravine between them, but had to go a distance on opposite sides before they could meet. 49. *The stone sunk into his forehead:* this stunned the giant, but David took Goliath's own sword and beheaded him.

SUBJECT: MODERN GIANTS AND HOW TO OVERCOME THEM.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE BATTLE ARRAY.—What old enemy made an attack upon the Israelites? Where were they met by Saul's army? (17: 2-3). What relatives of David were in the army? (17: 13.) How were the Israelites affected? (17: 11, 24.) Was their terror a proof of their lack of faith in God?

II. THE PHILISTINE CHAMPION.—What giant warrior was among the Philistines? How tall was he? Describe his armor. His weapons. What did he propose? (17: 8-10). How many times did he utter his defiance? (17: 16.) What reward did Saul offer to the man who should slay him? (17: 25.) Did anyone dare to accept the challenge?

III. THE ISRAELITE CHAMPION (vs. 32-40).—What brought David to the camp? What were his feelings when he learned the state of affairs? (17: 26). How was the king's attention called to him? (17: 26-31.) What offer did David make? What objection to his proposal? How did David show that he was worthy of a trial? (vs. 36-37.) How would Saul have armed him? Why did he refuse? How was David armed? Why was this best for him? What is said about the skill of some with the sling? (Judg. 20: 16.) Was this skill sufficient by itself? (v. 47.) Where did David learn to use his sling? Where did he learn to trust God? Could he have gained the victory over Goliath, if he had not learned these lessons before the time of trial?

IV. THE BATTLE AND THE VICTORY (vs. 41-51). What did the Philistine think of David as he saw him approach? In what different spirit did David come to the contest? Which was the truest spirit? What was the result of the conflict? What became of the Philistine army? Was such a victory better for Israel than one wherein God's part was less apparent?

V. MODERN GIANTS AND HOW TO OVERCOME THEM.—In what respects is Goliath a type of the world as against Christ? in strength? in armor? in boasting and confidence? What giants have we to fight in the world (such as intemperance, etc.)? What giants have we to fight on the battlefield of our own hearts (such as temper, appetite, selfishness) Show why they might rightly be called giants. (Eph. 6: 10-12.) What will they do to you if you do not overcome them? What are to be our weapons against these giants? (Eph. 6: 13-18.) Can the church succeed by the use of worldly weapons? Can we in our inner warfare? What lesson are we taught by David's attempt in Saul's armor? What about trust in God? How to gain faith? (vs. 36, 37.) About the use of means while we trust in God? (James 2: 17, 18.) When and how can we prepare for the greater works God has for us to do? (Matt. 25: 21, 23, 29.) What characteristics do you see in David which it is well for us to cherish? What is the reward of the conqueror? Can you name some victories God has given the church with seemingly feeble instrumentalities? (Dan. 2: 34, 35. 1 Cor. 1: 23-28.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1889.)

1. July 7.—Samuel called of God.—1 Sam 3: 1-14.
2. July 14.—The Sorrowful death of Eli.—1 Sam. 4: 1-18.
3. July 21.—Samuel the Reformer.—1 Sam. 7: 1-12.
4. July 28.—Israel asking for a king.—1 Sam. 8: 4-20.
5. Aug. 4.—Saul Chosen of the Lord.—1 Sam. 9: 15-27.
6. Aug. 11.—Samuel's Farewell Address.—1 Sam 12: 1-15.
7. Aug. 18.—Saul Rejected by the Lord.—1 Sam. 15: 10-23.
8. **Aug. 25.—The Anointing of David.—1 Sam. 16: 1-13.**
9. **Sept. 1.—David and Goliath.—1 Sam. 17: 32-51.**
10. Sept. 8.—David and Jonathan.—1 Sam. 20: 1-13.
11. Sept. 15.—David sparing Saul.—1 Sam. 24: 4-17.
12. Sept. 22.—Death of Saul and his Sons.—1 Sam. 31: 1-13.
13. Sept. 29.—Review and Temperance.—1 Sam. 25: 23-31 and 35-38.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE EVOLUTION OF MRS. THOMAS.

BY MRS. MARY H. FIELD.

(Continued.)

There drifted in her way an advertisement of some cheap reprints of standard and classical books. It was quite wonderful how many things "drifted" in her way. She seemed to have helping hands reached out to her from every side, and she took the proffered aid with a happy and grateful heart. These little volumes of the classics were not beyond her slender purse, and she indulged in several. She found Plato not beyond her grasp, and very delightful, yet it cost her only fifteen cents. In the same frugal way she flavored a good deal of homely fare with Attic salt. An investment of a dollar gave her a choice selection of most famous English poems, an equal amount brought to her growing library some of the prose master-pieces of our best English and American authors.

When the minister called to see her one day he caught a glimpse of the little text-book, *Studies of the Stars*, lying open on the mantel-piece, and was at once astonished and delighted to find his parishioner, whom he knew only as a model housewife and good church worker, evidently studying the science which to him was like a gateway to heaven. He turned to her with a beaming countenance: "Are you really interested in astronomy, Mrs. Thomas?" he asked.

And when she assured him that not only herself but her whole family were reading Bishop Warren's *Recreations in Astronomy*, and enjoying it as if it were a story, he insisted upon shaking hands over the discovery.

"You make me very happy," he said. "I shall certainly venture now to give a little series of lectures I have prepared upon astronomy, but have never offered to our people lest they should lack popularity. I have quite a collection of astronomical works which I shall be very glad to lend you. Have you read *Ecce Cœlum?*"

And so the Thomases read *Ecce Cœlum* on Sunday afternoons during the next month, and were lifted into a celestial atmosphere of which they had never dreamed. As they together trod the starry highway, and with almost breathless awe followed their guide in his lofty descriptions and imaginations, their very faces took on new lines of refinement and spiritual culture. The higher education to which the mother was now leading them had its beneficent influence in many ways. A sort of toning-down went on by slow and wholesome processes; voices grew softer; manners more courteous; they "trod more gently among the parts of speech;" a growing reverence for the mother's opinions brought a quicker deference to her feelings and a prompter obedience to her authority. This did not come about in a day or a year. It was a gracious and beautiful growth, like any of the developments of nature.

We may not in this brief space attempt even to outline all the influences which came to this household through the mother's uplifting. A whole book could not do justice to the theme. A life-time, an eternity, can only reveal it all. But we may be sure this light was not hidden under a bushel. "It gave light unto all that were in the house." Nay, this little candle shed its beams much farther than that. The neighbors began to wonder what was the secret of the Thomas family's growing power in the community. The boys were so fond and proud of their home and their mother; the girls so sensible and intelligent; Mrs. Thomas and the minister were so often heard speaking of books and magazine articles of which other people had not heard. An explanation came one day, less than two years from the date of our story's opening. The minister proposed to his congregation to meet at his house for the purpose of forming a literary society, and those who responded to the call found Mrs. Thomas there—shy little Mrs. Thomas, who had never spoken a word in public in her life, and whose face glowed with blushes when the good pastor told them that she would tell them about a new society which was having a wonderful growth at the East, and in California too, and which was called the Chautauqua circle. With a voice that shook so she could hardly control it, and a heart whose throbs she thought must be audible to all present, our heroine told the story of her own experience, and with eyes which threatened to overflow she closed by saying: "Only my Heavenly Father knows how thankful I am that I have had just the help and inspiration which this course of study is bringing to me."

As a result of this meeting a little Chautauqua circle was started in San Luis with the minister for president and Mrs. Thomas for secretary. Thus the good seed grew and multiplied. Not long since the general secretary received a letter from this same minister saying that he had never found any thing so helpful to his work in the community as this Chautauqua circle. "It has given me a hold upon the members such as I could have obtained in no other way. In helping them intellectually there has come to me an influence over them morally and spiritually. Neither does it fail to bring to my own mind a refreshment in many lines of thought which repays me a hundredfold."

Half a dozen years have gone by. Mrs. Thomas finished the Chautauqua course in good season in 1883. She was not able to go to Monterey to graduate, for every dollar was needed to help Mary through the Normal, and the mother was only too happy to deny herself for the sake of her good daughter. But the diploma came from Plainfield, with the signatures upon it, which, to Mrs. Thomas, represented the grandest and best of men. The family grew fairly jubilant over the arrival of that diploma; the boys gave it the benefit of "three cheers and a tiger;" Mary got up on a chair and presented it, with a speech which, to say the least, was highly rhetorical, while Amy conducted her mother to "the platform" to receive it. Finally Mr. Thomas bore it off in triumph to be suitably framed, and to-day it hangs upon their parlor wall, its proudest ornament. Each year the back of the frame has been carefully removed and the diploma taken out to have one or more "seals" added to it. Soon there will be a "rainbow" of them, Amy says.

In the corner of the parlor are some beautiful home-made book shelves, the work of the younger boys' scroll-saw, a Christmas present to "mother" for her Chautauqua library; and here are gathered her beloved books and her nicely-bound "Chautauquans." The way in which the whole family regards them reminds one of the old Penates, while to Mrs. Thomas they stand for more than words can represent; help, comfort, inspiration—these only partially tell the tale. She stands before them sometimes and loses herself in a happy reverie, which ends not infrequently in clasped hands and an uplifted face. A few weeks since the Chautauqua circle of San Luis gave a reception of their little community, and Mrs. Thomas was the essayist of the evening. As she came quietly forward upon the platform of the town-hall, and with perfect self-possession bowed to the full house, her sweet, matronly face looked so thoughtful and cultured, so pure and intellectual, that an old-time friend would hardly have recognized her. She had chosen for her theme "A Roman Matron," and her paper showed so much acquaintance with Roman customs, such familiarity with their history and modes of life, and yet such appreciation of the fact that the Roman woman had a human heart beneath her sternly-dignified exterior, that her audience were instructed and pleased, yet moved to deep sympathy. She told the story of a woman's life in that far off and cruel age, from the cradle to the grave, stirring every mother's heart as she pictured the poor heathen woman in times of bereavement and trouble—"Christless, lifting up blind eyes to the silence of the skies."

At the close she pictured her death and burial, without a gleam of hope for the future lighting the pitiful darkness of the grave.

"Over her," she wrote "creeps the tender grass; above her bloom the sweet wild flowers;

> "'Is the unseen with the seen at odds,
> Nature's pity more than God's?'"

A hush of solemn thought filled the room as the sweet, womanly voice ceased to speak.

A stranger present walked home with the minister.

"Who is this Mrs. Thomas?" he asked.

"One of the best and noblest women I know," answered the clergyman. "Yet you would hardly believe me if I were to tell you how she has developed since I first knew her. She proves a pet theory of mine, that the powers of the mind and spirit strengthen with our strength, and that the mature mind is better capable of growth than that of a child. Just by virtue of its developed power it can grasp ideas with more force, and is infinitely superior in appreciation and resolute perseverance. In short, we are immortal. As to Mrs. Thomas, my friend—ah, it is a wonderful case of Evolution!"

THE END.

FOR SISTERS.

Some years ago, as I sat on the piazza of a summer hotel, I noticed, among the crowd, a party of young people,—two or three pretty girls and as many bright young men, all "waiting for the mail."

"Oh, dear!" said the prettiest of the girls impatiently. "Why don't they hurry? Are you expecting a letter, Mr. Allison?" and she turned to a tall youth standing near.

He smiled.

"I'll get one surely," he said. "It's my day. Just this particular letter always comes. Nell is awful good; she's my sister, you know; and no fellow ever had a better one."

The pretty girl laughed, saying, as he received his letter: "Harry would think he was blessed if I wrote once a year."

Gradually the others drifted away; but Frank Allison kept his place, scanning eagerly the closely written sheets, now and again laughing quietly. Finally he slipped the letter into his pocket, and rising, saw me.

"Good-morning, Miss Williams!" he said cordially; for he always had a pleasant word for us older people.

"Good news?" I questioned, smiling.

"My sister's letters always bring good news," he answered. "She writes such jolly letters."

And, unfolding this one, he read me scraps of it—bright nothings, with here and there a little sentence full of sisterly love and earnestness. There was a steady light in his eyes as, half apologizing for "boring" me, he looked up and said quietly: "Miss Williams, if I ever make anything of a man, it will be sister Nell's doing."

And, as I looked at him, I felt strongly what a mighty power "Sister Nell" held in her hands—just a woman's hand like yours, dear girl, and perhaps no stronger or better; but it made me wonder how many girls stop to consider how they are using their influence over these boys, growing so fast toward manhood, unworthy or noble, as the sisters choose.

So, dear girls, may I not ask: "What of the brothers?" Perhaps they are only little brothers yet; but they will be larger all too soon, and you cannot at once change from careless, indifferent sisters to loving, helpful ones. Would you willingly be like one of whom her brother said: "I'd do less for her than for any girl I know"?

You expect your brothers to be courteous and gentlemanly to you, to show you the little attentions a woman loves to receive; and yet are you ready to do your share towards making home pleasant for them? Not always, perhaps, and so you lose those brothers whom you so honestly love. This has not come at once; it has grown year by year. You were impatient with the baby-boy, and hasty with the awkward lad whose clumsiness annoyed you, and so it has gone on, and now your brother is yours only in name. You know none of his plans, and share none of his hopes; he keeps these to himself.

There is but one way, dear girls; begin at once, while they are still the little boys of the home circle, ready to come to "sister" with everything. Let them feel that you love them. These great honest, boy-hearts are both tender and loyal; and if you stand by these lads now, while they are still neither boys nor men, while they are awkward and heedless, they will remember it when they become the courteous, polished gentlemen you desire to see them. Do not snub them; nothing hurts a loving boy-soul more than a snub, and nothing more effectually closes the boy-heart than thoughtless ridicule, and remember the wise man who said: "Shall the woman who guards not a brother be lightly trusted with husband and sons?" —*Congregationalist.*

KEEP CLEAN.

An old physician, being once appealed to for some general, comprehensive rule for the preservation of good health, replied; "Keep clean." Cleanliness, from a medical point of view, generally means the absence of noxious germs. The laity generally comprehend in the term freedom from foreign substances, while the psychologist and moralist have reference to the purity of the mind and the soul. All these combined would form the first principle of good health. Freedom from all filth with reference to the body and its surroundings, freedom from contamination of mind and soul, would make the individual not only free from material pollutions, but would inspire him with a sense of cleanliness, a feeling of purity that would cleanse life and glorify the consciousness of living. There is a meaning in that word "clean" that penetrates beyond things seen and touches the mental and spiritual nature of humanity. Cleanliness in a material sense may not abhor dissipations and debauches which oppress life with a sense of impurity, vitiating the sources of health and impairing its enjoyment. "Keep clean" is an admonition carrying with it an inspiration which not only invigorates life, but makes it enjoyable and beautiful. Cleanliness brings not only comfort and health, but it adorns living, gives existence a charm, imparts consciousness of life, real enjoyment, thought, and feeling of existence, the purpose and sanctity of living. There is a world of meaning in the two words "keep clean." The physician, the psychologist, and the moralist united in that one advice would give to humanity a law of health, the observance of which would not only purify physical existence, but would inspire a consciousness of the enjoyments of life and animate it with its hopes, purposes, and destiny.—*Sanitary News.*

PUZZLES—NO. 16.

DECAPITATIONS.

Years ago, in boyhood days,
While the grass was wet with dew
I used to think it nice indeed
When I could *whole* the meadows through

Now if this whole you do behead,
A waiter will appear instead;
Behead again, there comes to light
That which means a line of light.

Behead again, and you produce
A little word which sailors use,
Which Webster says is always meant
Simply to express assent.—*Exchange.*

SQUARE NO. 1.

My first is the bed of a horse,
My second the subject of discourse,
A kind of riddle is my third,
To divert is the meaning of my fourth word,
My fifth a river will be found,
In a country much renowned.

PERCY PRIOR.

SQUARE NO. 2.

1. To stop. 2. A mistake. 3. Interior of a building. 4. Melodies. 5. To emendate.

THE SAME.

SQUARE NO. 3.

1. A small weight. 2. Over. 3. Cords. 4. To prevent. 5. Trials.

THE SAME.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who slept on an iron bedstead?
2. Who slew a lion in a pit on a snowy day?
3. What bird took a seed, and planted it in a fruitful field?
4. What was sewed and sealed up in a bag?
5. What soft thing breaks bones?
6. What deceitful messengers helped out their deceit by means of their shoes?
7. Where in the Old Testament does it say the Lord redeemed His people because He loved them?
8. Who said a fox could break down a stone-wall?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 15.

BIBLE ENIGMA.—Worship God. Rev. 19: 11.

INVESTIGATION PUZZLE.—Matthew 9: 22; Mark 11: 22; Acts 6: 5; Romans 5: 1; Ephesians 2: 8; James 2: 20.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—1. Isaiah 13: 12. 2. Zeph. 1: 10. 3. Zechariah 1: 18-20. 4. Zeph. 2: 6. 5. Zech. 2: 4.

ENIGMA.—Happy.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—Thou God seest me. (Gen. 16: 13.)

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Answers to Puzzles No. 14 were received from S. Moore, Fred Dainty, A McM.

THE ANSWER PRIZE.

The prize has been awarded to Miss Lizzie A. Ogden who sent the best list. Other puzzlers who sent good lists were John Thorne Mackay, Lizzie E. Caldwell, Louis G. Hamilton, Janie Black, Sarah E. Mills, (very good list), George Edmund Garbutt, John Lennon Wilson, Nell C. Barker, of Assiniboia, and others whose lists came too late.

The Family Circle.

HER BIRTHDAY.

BY IDA M. GARDNER.

The years fly fast, Carissima!
May each one bring to thy dear face
Some added charm, some tender grace,
Distinct and not uncertain trace
Of inward growth, and strong embrace
Of truth,—His truth, Carissima!

The years roll on, Carissima!
Roll on forever, sweet and dear,
Because in each there shines so clear,
Unshadowed by our doubt and fear,
Undimmed, though viewed through many a tear
A face,—His face, Carissima!

He does not speak, Carissima!
But on our hearts he bends his gaze,
Waiting to hear the song of praise
That even quivering lips can raise,—
Praise of the wondrous, mystic ways
Of love,—His love, Carissima!

Of love that trusts, Carissima,
Our human hearts that question "Why?"
Knowing that they will not belie,
Nor e'en in sorrow's night decry,
However dark the mystery,
That trust,—His trust, Carissima!

The years grow old, Carissima!
Life's sultry noontide passes on to night,
Heaven's morning stars burst on our raptured sight,
And on the summit of the earthly height
Shines dawn eternal, in the splendor bright
Of light,—His light, Carissima!

—*Sunday-school Times.*

LADDIE.

CHAPTER IV.

When Dr. Carter opened his door next morning, he found his mother's room empty, and it seemed almost as if the events of the night before had been a bad dream; only the basket of apples, and the bandbox, still tied up in the spotted handkerchief, confirmed his recollections, and when he went down, the pattens, still on his writing-table, added their testimony. But where was his mother? All the servants could tell him was that they had found her bedroom door open when they came down in the morning, and the front door unbarred and unbolted, and that was all.

"She has gone back to Sunnybrook," he said to himself, with a very sore heart; "she saw what a miserable, base-hearted cur of a son she had, who grudged a welcome and a shelter to her who would have given her right hand to keep my little finger from aching. God forgive me for wounding the brave old heart! I will go and bring her back; she will be ready to forgive me nearly before I speak."

He looked at the train paper, and found there was an early, slow train by which his mother must have gone, and an express that would start in about an hour, and reach Martel only a quarter of an hour after the slower one. This just gave him time to make arrangements for his engagements, and write a line to Violet, saying he was unexpectedly called away from London, but that he would come to her immediately on his return, for he had much to tell and explain. The cab was at the door to take him to the station, and everything was ready, and he was giving his last directions to Mr. Hyder.

"I shall be back to-morrow, Hyder, without fail, and I shall bring my mother with me." He brought out the word even now with an effort, and hated himself for the flush that came up into his face, but he went on firmly, "that was my mother who was here last night, and no man ever had a better."

I don't know how it happened, but everything seemed topsy-turvy that morning; for all at once Dr. Carter found himself shaking hands with Hyder before he knew what he was about, and the deferential, polite Hyder, whose respect had always been slightly tinged with contempt, was saying, with tears in his eyes, "Indeed, sir, I see that all along; and I don't think none the worse of you, but a deal the better for saying it out like a man; and me and cook and the gals will do our best to make the old lady comfortable, that we will!"

Dr. Carter felt a strange, dream-like feeling as he got into the cab. Everyone and everything seemed changed, and he could not make it out; even Hyder seemed something more than an excellent servant. It was quite a relief to his mind, on his return next day, to find Hyder the same imperturbable person as before, and the little episode of hand-shaking and expressed sympathy not become a confirmed habit. It was a trifling relief even in the midst of his anxiety and disappointment, for he did not find his mother at Sunnybrook, nor did she arrive by either of the trains that followed the one he came by, though he waited the arrival of several at Martel. So he came back to London, feeling that he had gone on the wrong tack, but comforting himself with the thought that he would soon be able to trace her out wherever she had gone. But it was not so easy as he expected; the most artful and experienced criminal, escaping from justice, could not have gone to work more skilfully than the old woman did quite unconsciously. All his inquiries were fruitless; she had not been seen or noticed at Paddington, none of the houses or shops about had been open or astir at that early morning hour. Once he thought he had a clue, but it came to nothing, and, tired and dispirited, he was obliged, very unwillingly, to put the matter into the hands of the police, who undertook with great confidence to find the old woman before another day was past.

It was with a very haggard, anxious face that he came into the pretty drawing-room in Harley Street, where Violet sprang up from her low chair by the fire, to meet him. How pretty she was! how sweet! how elegant and graceful every movement and look, every detail of her dress! His eyes took in every beauty lovingly, as one who looks his last on something dearer than life, and then lost all consciousness of any other beauty, in the surpassing beauty of the love for him in her eyes. She stretched out both her soft hands to him, with the ring he had given her, the only ornament on them, and said, "Tell me about it?"

Do not you know some voices that have a caress in every word and a comfort in every tone? Violet Meredith's was such a voice.

"I have come for that," he said, and he would not trust himself to take those hands in his, or to look any longer into her face, but he went to the fire and looked into the red caves among the glowing coals. "I have come to tell you about my mother. I have deceived you shamefully."

And then he told her of his mother, describing her as plainly and carefully as he could, trying to set aside everything fanciful and picturesque, and yet do justice to the kind, simple, old heart, trying to make Violet see the great difference between the old countrywoman and herself. And then he told her of her having come to him, to end her days under her son's roof. "I could not ask you to live with her," he ended sadly.

She had clasped her hands round his arm shyly, for it was only a few days since she had had to hide away her love, like a stolen treasure, out of sight.

"It is too late to think of that," she said, with a little coaxing laugh; "too late, for you asked me to be your wife a week ago. Yes, John,"—the name came still with a little hesitation,—"a whole week ago, and I will not let you off. And then I have no mother of my own; she died before I can remember, and it will be so nice to have one, for she will like me for your sake, won't she? And what does it matter what she is like, you silly, old John?—she is your mother, and that is quite enough for me. And don't you think I love you more ridiculously than ever because you are so good and noble and true to your old mother, and are not ashamed of her because she is not just exactly like other people?" And she laid her soft cheek against his sleeve, by her clasped hands, as she spoke.

But he drew away with almost a shudder. "Love me less, then, Violet; hate me, for I was ashamed of her; I was base and cowardly and untrue, and I wanted to get her out of the way so that no one should know, not even you, and I hurt and wounded her—her who would have done anything for her 'Laddie,' as she calls me—and she went away disappointed and sad and sorry, and I cannot find her."

He had sunk down into Violet's low chair, and covered up his face with his hands, and through the fingers forced their way the hot, burning tears, while he told of his ineffectual efforts to find her, and his shame and regret.

She stood listening, too pitiful and sorry for words, longing to comfort him; and at last she knelt down and pulled his hands gently away from his face, and whispered very softly, as if he might not like to hear her use his mother's name for him. "We will find her, never fear; your mother and mine, Laddie." And so she comforted him.

What an awful place London is! I do not mean awful in the sense in which the word is used by fashionable young ladies, or schoolboys, by whom it is applied indiscriminately to a "lark" or a "bore," into which two classes most events in life may, according to them, be divided, and considered equally descriptive of sudden death or a new bonnet. I use it in its real meaning, full of awe, inspiring fear and reverence, as Jacob said, "How dreadful is this place," this great London, with its millions of souls, with its strange contrasts of riches and poverty, business and pleasure, learning and ignorance, and the sin everywhere. Awful indeed! and the thought would be overwhelming in its awfulness if we could not say also as Jacob did, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not," if we did not know that there is the ladder set up, reaching to heaven, and the angels of God ever ascending and descending, if we did not believe that the Lord stands above it. It seemed a very terrible place to the old countrywoman as she wandered about its streets and squares, its parks and alleys, that November day, too dazed and stupefied to form any plan for herself; only longing to get out of sight, that she might not shame her boy. She felt no bitterness against him, for was it not natural when he was a gentleman, and she a poor, homely old body?

In the early morning, when the streets were empty, except for policemen or late revellers hurrying home, or market-carts coming in from the country, with frosty moisture on the heaps of cabbages, she got on pretty well. She had a cup of coffee at an early coffee-stall, and no one took any notice of her; some of those that passed were country people too, and at that early hour people are used to see odd, out-of-the-way figures, that would be stared at in the height of noon. But as the day went on, the streets filled with hurrying people, and the shops opened, and omnibuses and cabs began to run, and she got into more bustling, noisy thoroughfares, and was hustled and pushed about and looked at, the terrors of the situation came heavily upon her. She tried to encourage herself with the thought that before long she should get out of London and reach the country, little knowing, poor old soul, how many miles of streets, and houses, and pavements, lay between her and the merest pretence to real country. And then, too, in that maze of streets where one seemed exactly like another, her course was of a most devious character, often describing a circle and bringing her back through the same streets without the old woman knowing that she was retracing her steps; sometimes a difficult crossing, with an apparently endless succession of omnibuses and carts, turned her from her way—sometimes a quieter looking street with the trees of a square showing at the end enticed her aside. Once she actually went up North Crediton Street, unconsciously and unnoticed. She reached one of the parks at last, and sat down very thankfully on a seat, though it was clammy and damp, and the fog was lurking under the gaunt, black trees, and hanging over the thin coarse grass, which was being nibbled by dirty desolate sheep, who looked to the old woman's eyes like some new kind of London animal, not to be recognized as belonging to the same species as the soft fleecy white flocks on the hill-sides and meadows of Sunnybrook. She sat here a long time resting, dozing, and trying to think. "I don't want to trouble no one, or shame no one, I only want just to get out of the way." She was faint and tired, and she thought perhaps she might be going to die. "It's a bit unkid to die all alone, and I'd liefer have died in my bed comfortable-like; but there! it don't much matter, it'll soon be all over and an end to it all." But no! that would not do either; and the old woman roused herself and shook off the faintness. "Whatever would folks say if Laddie's mother was found dead like any tramp in the road? He'd die of shame, pretty near, to hear it in everyone's mouth." Poor old soul! she little knew how people can starve, and break their hearts, and die for want of food or love in London, and no one be the wiser or the sadder. It was just then she found out that her pocket had been picked, or rather that her purse was gone; for she did not wonder where or how it went, and, indeed, she did not feel the loss very acutely, though, at home in the old days, she had turned the house upside down and hunted high and low and spared no pains to find a missing halfpenny. It did not contain all her money, for with good, old-fashioned caution, she had some notes sewed up in her stays; but still it was a serious loss, and one she would have made a great moan over in old times. She did not know that the sight of her worn old netted purse, with the rusty steel rings, had touched a soft spot in a heart that for years had seemed too dry and hard for any feeling. It had lain in the hand of an expert London pick-pocket, it was mere child's-play taking it, it did not require any skill. There was a bit of lavender stuck into the rings, and he smelt and looked at it, and then the old woman turned and looked at him with her country eyes; and then all at once, almost in spite of himself, he held out the purse to her. "Don't you see as you've dropped your purse?" he said, in a surly, angry tone, and finished with an oath that made the old woman tremble and turn pale; and he flung away, setting his teeth and calling himself a fool. That man was not all bad,—who is? and his poor act of restitution is surely put to his credit in the ledger of his life, and will stand there when the books shall be opened. The old woman got little good from it, however, for the purse was soon taken by a less scrupulous thief.

How cold it was! The old woman shivered and drew her damp shawl round her, and longed, oh! how bitterly, for the old fireside, and the settle, worn and polished by generations of shoulders, for the arm-chair with its patchwork cushion—longed, ah! how wearily, for the grave by the churchyard wall, where the master rests free of all his troubles, and where "there's plenty of room for I,"—and longed, too, quite as simply and pathetically, for a cup of tea out of the cracked brown teapot. But why should I dwell on the feelings of a foolish, insignificant, old woman? There are hundreds and thousands about us, whose lives are more interesting, whose thoughts are more worth recording. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" and yet, "Doth not God take thought for sparrows?" then, surely so may we. Does he indeed despise not the desires of such as be sorrowful? even though the sorrowful one be only an old, country woman, and her desire, a cup of tea! Then why should we call that common and uninteresting which he pitifully beholds? And we shall find no life that is not full of interest, tender feeling, noble poetry, deep tragedy, just as there is nobody without the elaborate system of nerves, and muscles, and veins, with which we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

(To be Continued.)

GRACIOUS HEARTS.

Gracious hearts are like stars in the heavens, which shine not by their own splendor. He that takes the brick must give the straw to make it. There is no water, except he smite the rock, nor fire, except he strike the flint.—*Secker.*

MR. A. GAMEL, OF COPENHAGEN,
Who fitted out the Nansen Greenland Expedition

THE NANSEN GREENLAND EXPEDITION.

For the first time in history Greenland, that great mysterious, ice-capped continent in the far North has been crossed, a feat accomplished by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, a Norwegian savant, three other Norwegians, and two Lapps. Several futile attempts have formerly been made to cross this continent, which is in exactly the same state as the British Isles during the Glacial age. The first attempt was made by Lieutenants Jensen and Steenstrup, of the Danish Navy, who, in 1878, commenced their inland march in lat. 62 deg. 30 min. N., and after many difficulties reached forty miles inland, and attained a height of 5,000 ft., whence the ice was seen gradually to rise eastward. Then came the famous Nordenskiold Expedition of 1883, when the celebrated Swedish explorer landed south of the Disco Island, and with a large party reached ninety miles inland and an altitude of 5,000 ft., whence the land could also be seen rising eastward. However, Nordenskiold had in his train two Lapps, whom he dispatched forward, on Norwegian snow-shoes, "ski," and who reached 140 miles further inland, and an altitude of 7,000, meeting nothing but snow and ice. Finally, an American engineer, Mr. Peary, in 1886, succeeded in reaching 100 miles inland a little further north. All these expeditions, however, made the attempt of crossing from west to east, whereas Dr. Nansen decided upon making the attempt in the opposite direction—from the east to the west coast. To this he was particularly prompted by the fact of the west coast being inhabited, so that provisions need only be carried one way, and when the journey was accomplished the expedition would not fear starvation, as on the uninhabited east coast. The expedition left Iceland June 4, 1878, in the whaler Jason, having received much encouragement on all sides, as, for instance, from the Royal Geographical Society and several of our well known Arctic explorers. Dr. Nansen's hope was to land in lat 65 deg. 30 min. N., in the neighborhood of Cape Dan; but ice prevented this—in fact, the expedition was unable to leave the ship till July 17. It was expected that they would reach land in their two boats on the next day, the land being only a few miles off; but drift-ice barred the way, and currents set the boats southward with terrible swiftness.

For a whole fortnight they battled in the ice, several times being at the point of destruction; but at last they reached land, though 240 miles further south than expected, and a month behind time. Nevertheless, the expedition rowed northwards along the coast till lat. 64 deg. 30 min. N. to Umiavik, whence the journey across the inland ice commenced on Aug. 15. The expedition met two camps of East Greenlanders along the coast, but they were unable to understand the few words of the west coast dialect known to its members. These people are described as entirely unlike the Eskimo, being tall and dark, almost swarthy in complexion, with black hair and dark fiery eyes, and full of life and gestures. All the women were, with one exception, ugly; but this one—a young girl—would have eclipsed many a southern belle. Several families occupy one tent, their food being chiefly seal meat, often eaten raw. Naturally they are heathens, and very superstitious. They were, however, very friendly and good-natured. One camp possessed some Danish flags. The start inland was made with five sledges, and the party proceeded on the snow on ski—*i. e.*, long strips of elastic pine wood, some five feet in length, four inches in width, and one inch in thickness, slightly pointed in front, being strapped to the feet of the ski runner in the middle. In Scandinavia these are the chief means of locomotion on snow, and immense speed may be attained thereon. The whole party are excellent ski runners, and the success of the expedition is wholly ascribed to the use of ski, Canadian snow-shoes being found useless in wet snow. After a few days' march a terrible rain-storm, lasting three days, broke upon the party, and laid them weatherbound. On Aug. 27, when forty miles inland, it was decided to alter the course of march further southwards for the Danish colony, Godthaab, on account of the lateness of the season. On Sept. 1 the true inland ice plateau had been reached, resembling a frozen ocean, across which the expedition proceeded for a fortnight. An altitude of 10,000 ft. was reached, and the temperature fell to 80 and 90 deg. F. below freezing point, according to computation, both barometers and thermometers being unequal to registration. A terrible snow-storm delayed progress for three days. The sole sign of life seen on the whole journey was a snow sparrow on the plateau, which settled on the snow, chirped sadly, and flew northward—a curious direction. On Sept. 19 the expedition had reached the western edge of the inland ice, and a stiff breeze springing up from the east, sails were set on sledges, and a rapid advance made downwards to the coast. On Sept. 24 the sea was reached in lat. 64 deg. 12 min. N., at the bottom of the Ameralik fjord, the whole journey from east to west having occupied forty days. Thence Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Sverdrup rowed in a frail craft made of the canvas of the tent and some boughs to the colony of Godthaab, perhaps the most perilous part of the whole journey. They were, however, too late to enable the last steamer for Europe to fetch the expedition home, and they had to winter here, a sojourn which, we are told, passed so pleasantly that when the Danish steamer "Hvidbjornen" arrived, on April 15, to bring the expedition back, they were loth to leave. It may, by-the-way, be mentioned, that the expedition did not carry a single drop of alcoholic liquor. Naturally, Dr. Nansen and his brave comrades have met with a most enthusiastic reception in Scandinavia. He will read a paper on his journey before the Royal Geographical Society on June 24. The names and dates of birth of the members of the expedition are:—Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, attached to the Bergen Museum, born 1861; Olaf C. Dietrichson, Lieutenant in the Army, born 1856; Otto N. Sverdrup, mate in the mercantile navy, born 1845; Kristian Kristiansen, farmer born in 1865; and the two Lapps, Samuel Balto and Ole Ravna, born in 1861 and 1842 respectively.

Finally, it should not be omitted to mention that the expedition is chiefly due to the munificence of the well-known Danish Mæcenas, Mr. Augustin Gamel, of Copenhagen, whose portrait we also give, and who dispatched the Hovgaard Arctic Expedition of 1880.—*English Paper.*

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

Duncan Mathieson, a Scotch youth, had a fiery temper. He became a Christian, and his fierceness was so checked that the town of Huntly said, "Puir laddie! He's gone daft."

Duncan went out to the Crimea as a Scripture-reader and lay-missionary to the British soldiers. One day, when he had tramped many miles in the mud, and was sick at heart with the sights he had seen, he was returning late at night to his lodgings in an old stable at Balaclava.

The mud was knee-deep, and Duncan, fatigued and depressed, happened to look up. The stars were shining calmly in the clear sky.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God," whispered Duncan, as his thoughts were drawn heavenward by the starry sky. Then, in a resonant voice, he began singing the hymn:

"How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?"

The next day was stormy, and Duncan, while going his "grand rounds," saw a soldier standing under the verandah of an old house. His uniform was ragged and dirty; the toes peeped through the worn-out shoes; but the man's face had an expression of seriousness and determination.

In a moment Duncan was by the man's side, speaking cheery words.

"Take that," said he, putting a half-sovereign in the soldier's hand, "and buy yourself a pair of shoes. You can get them from some burying party."

"God bless you, sir," replied the soldier, grasping Duncan's hand, but not taking the coin, "but I am not as badly off as I was yesterday.

"Last night I got thinking of my miserable condition—half-fed, half-clothed, living in the mud, more like a pig than a man.

"'I won't stand it very long,' said I to myself. So I took my musket and went down yonder, intending to blow my brains out. Just as I got there, I heard some one singing the old tune, 'How bright these glorious spirits shine!' I remembered the Sabbath school where we used to sing that hymn.

"I felt ashamed of myself for being such a coward. 'There's some one as badly off as myself,' said I, 'and yet he's not giving in. He's got something to make him happy which I haven't.'

"Then I thought over what that something might be, and went back to my tent. To-day, sir, I'm determined to become a Christian man, for that's what that singer is, or he couldn't have sung as he did."

"Did you know the singer?" asked Duncan, glowing with joy.

"No, sir; I couldn't see him in the darkness."

"Well, my man, I am that singer," said Duncan.

"Thank God!" said the soldier, "that I know you, but you must keep the money; I could not take it from you, after what you have done for me!"—*Youth's Companion.*

AN OBJECT LESSON.

"I want you to notice,' said Grandfather Grey,
To the two little boys who lived over the way,
"That a man can never a drunkard be
Who keeps from the poison-cup totally free.
And never a drunkard was anywhere known
But out of a moderate drinker he'd grown.

"And so, if you never would have the disgrace
Of a staggering step and a bloated face,
Of a wretched home and a ruined soul,
Be sure not to touch the foaming bowl;
Let it alone, nor look with desire
On the wine that is red, on the liquid fire.

"Beware of the little now and then;
If you take it once you will want it again.
The moderate drinker is never secure;
A drunkard he'll die, you may almost be sure.
To be safe from the curse there is only one way;
Be total-abstainers," said Grandfather Grey.
—*Band of Hope Review.*

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

To a growing family of boys and girls could there be a worse nuisance or a greater menace than a saloon across the street, and a saloon-keeper for a next door neighbor?
—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

OLE RAVNA. S. BALTO. K. KRISTIANSEN.

DR. F. NANSEN. LIEUT. O. DIETRICHSON. CAPT. O. SVERDRUP.

MEMBERS OF THE NANSEN GREENLAND EXPEDITION.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE BOYS.

I was at a home not very long since in a family of which there are three children, two bright, lovely daughters, and one young son, full of sturdy life, joyous of spirit and naturally of steady purpose. The parents are well-to-do, not of great wealth, yet they have enough to live elegantly, and indulge in some of the luxuries of life.

When I dropped in mother and daughters were sitting together and were engaged in finishing up some beautiful embroidery. One had a table-scarf of the softest silk, covered with budding roses and trailing vines. The older daughter was just putting the finishing-touches upon a beautiful panel for a tea-gown. It was of elegant stuff bordered with life-like sprays of delicate tints and shades, a costly work of art, but very charming in effect. It would make a robe fit for a duchess when combined with the material for which it was intended. Mamma was at work on a piano cover, which she intended as a gift for a friend at Christmas time.

While they were sitting there, busy with their pretty work, papa sat near reading his *Times*. Suddenly the door burst open and son Johnny came bounding in, his face aglow, like a rosy morning.

"Oh, mother," said he, "I want a box of tools. George Henries has just had such an elegant set given him by his father, and he has got a workshop all fitted up and is going to try his hand at cabinet and such light work out of school-hours, and he says I may have a bench in one corner if you'll only give me a set of tools and we can have lots of fun together and make a heap of pretty things besides. Won't you get me a set, papa?"

Papa looked up from his paper and glanced at mamma, who said: John, a set of tools would be very expensive. I do not think we can afford them right now. You don't need them, anyway. So, do not think any more about them. It would be almost like throwing so much money away."

John had been taught to accept his mother's decision as final, so he made no further appeal, but went out with such a look of disappointment and genuine grief on his face I felt sorry for the boy.

But his uncle John was there, for whom he was named. He was his mother's brother, a man of large observation, and one who always spoke his mind freely if he thought occasion required.

"Mary," said he to the mother, "do you think you are quite doing justice to John? Here are you and my nieces spending money for the beautiful trifles which you are embroidering. The work is very beautiful, but it is costly; yet you never deny yourselves anything in this line, and I do not want to blame you for it. These productions of your fingers are really fine works of art, and I admire them as I would a beautiful picture. But while you gratify yourselves, ought you not to do something to gratify John also? It will keep him out of bad company if he can work with George at his bench. It will enable him to learn how to handle tools. Get him a set and I will pay a skilled mechanic to give him three lessons a week for six months, and we will see what he will accomplish."

The result was John was called back and his father told him that he would go with him that evening and select as fine a set of tools as could be purchased for the work-bench.

My moral is, parents, don't forget the wants of the boys. While the daughters have their love for finery, work and such like things gratified, let the boys have all the tools needed if they show an inclination toward becoming skilled artisans.—*Susan Sunshine.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The fame of Abraham Lincoln is of a kind that is certain to increase as time goes on. He was a man of the people. In a good sense of the word, he was very human. He was both a great man, and a man of great simplicity. The world, we may be sure, will never tire of talking and reading about him. His intimate friend of many years, the Hon. Leonard Swett, pronounced him the best listener he ever knew. "He would hear any one on any subject, and generally would say nothing in reply."

He believed that something was to be learned from everybody, but he was not given to asking advice. He kept his eyes and ears open, and then acted as he himself thought wise and proper. Mr. Swett was with him at the Illinois bar for eleven years, and in all that time never knew him to ask the advice of a friend about anything.

Once, however, just before his famous discussion with Douglas, he sent for half a dozen lawyers.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am going to ask Douglas the following questions, and I want you to put yourselves in Douglas's place, and answer the questions from his standpoint."

He knew, of course, that a man who would succeed in debate, must have anticipated his opponent's arguments.

He was naturally a philosopher. He made the best of things as they were, instead of allowing them to harass or discourage him. Speaking of their travels together on circuit, Mr. Swett says:

"Beds were always too short; the coffee was burned or otherwise bad; the food was often indifferent, and the roads were nothing but trails; streams were without bridges and it was often necessary to swim; sloughs were deep, the waggon had often to be pried out of them with fence-rails; but I never heard Mr. Lincoln complain of anything.

"He never got the better of his fellow-man in a trade, and never lent money for interest. He never tasted liquor, never chewed tobacco or smoked, but labored diligently in his profession, charging small fees, and was contented with small accumulations."

Mr. Swett never knew him to borrow money except when he left Springfield to assume the duties of the Presidency. Then he borrowed enough to pay his expenses until he should draw his first quarter's salary. "In his life he lived in all circles, moved in every grade of society, and enjoyed it all equally well. To his companions in every station he was equally entertaining and equally happy."

Concerning his inquisitiveness, Mr. Swett says: "Travelling the circuit, he sometimes sat with the driver, and before we got to our journey's end he had found out all that the driver knew. If we stopped at a blacksmith's shop he took a seat by the forge and learned how to make nails. If he saw a new agricultural implement standing on the sidewalk in front of a country store, he was sure to stop and learn what it would do, how it would do it, and upon what it was an improvement.

"He was the only man I have ever known who bridged back from middle age to youth and learned to spell well. His manuscripts were as free from mistakes as any college graduate's. I have seen him upon the circuit with geometry, astronomy, or other elementary books, learning in middle life what men ordinarily learn in youth.

"One day he was sitting on the sidewalk in front of a tavern. He had just got the point of a nice demonstration in geometry, and wishing some one to enjoy it with him, he seized upon a hostler and explained it to him till the hostler said that he understood it."

Abraham Lincoln was one of those rare and fortunate souls who knew how to study both books and men. He had an instinct for knowledge, and was always at school. The world itself was his university.

TWO SISTERS.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE ON SMOKING.

In a valuable article in a late number of *The Contemporary Review*, on "Speech and Song," the first of two which he is to contribute, Sir Morell Mackenzie gives advice to public speakers and singers which, coming from an authority so distinguished, ought to meet with ready and grateful acceptance. First of all he lays down the dictum, "tobacco, alcohol, and fiery condiments of all kinds are best avoided by those who have to speak much." A more emphatic utterance follows of, probably, an unexpected kind. It runs thus: "I feel bound to warn speakers addicted to the 'herb' nicotian against cigarettes." The common notion is that of all forms of tobacco the cigarette is the least objectionable, because the least harmful. According to Sir Morell Mackenzie this is an error. He describes the effect of cigarette smoking as "cumulative," and warns smokers that "the slight but constant absorption of tobacco juice and smoke makes the practice far more noxious in the long run than any kind of smoking." As in the experience of a tippler, the smoker of cigarettes gradually gets his nervous system into a state of chronic inflammation. Then there are the local effects of the practice. "The white spots on the tongue and inside the cheeks, known as 'smokers' patches,' are believed by some doctors with special experience to be more common in devotees of the cigarette than in other smokers; this unhealthy condition of the mouth may not only make speaking troublesome, or even painful, but it is now proved to be a predisposing cause of cancer." The article traverses a wide field, and is literally crammed with hints, every one of which, to him who acts upon it, ought to be worth a doctor's fee.

I.

Bless papa!—no, papa's in heaven,
Bless mamma!—no, mamma's there too.
I've said, "Bless my sister" already;
Oh dear me! What more can I do.

Well, "Bless sister Gladys," she's papa
To keep me from danger and pain;
Bless Gladys, because she's my mamma
To love—please bless her again.

Make me always to love and to mind her,
She's both papa and mamma, and yet
She hasn't left off being sister,
And then too I mustn't forget

That *she* has no papa nor mamma,
Nor no little girlie but me
Make me *four* times as good to her always
Just as good as I ever can be.

—*Selected.*

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only countersign sure to win!
One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

"You are a little thief," I said
To Robin Redbreast blithe and fat,
"You stole my cherries ripe and red,
Now what have you to say to that?"

In songful speech he sweetly said,
His bosom glowing like the morn,
"I take my pay in cherries red,
For working in your vines and corn.

"My sweetest strains I sing for you,"
He said in music low and soft,
And then his brown wings shook the dew
In showers from his green organ loft.

Like tears the dew fell, and I said,
When came the pauses of his strain,
"Sweet robin, eat my cherries red,
I will not call you thief again."

Now every year, when spring returns
He perches on the topmost spray,
And there his tinted bosom burns
With songs of cheer at dawn of day.

The robin is my choice of pets,
I wish him joy and length of days;
He pays me well for all he gets,
In skillful toil and songs of praise.

—George W. Bungay in Youth's Companion.

A BRAVE LITTLE TRIO.

Hanse, Dimmy and Pam had been planting beans all the morning—four in a hill no more, no less—out back of the barn. They had helped their father about the crops every year almost ever since they could walk.

It was a warm day in May. The swallows were flirting about under the brown eaves of the barn, the bluebirds were clearing out their last year's boxes, and the old pee-wee was building her big nest on a rafter in the open shed. The frogs had been clearing their throats all the morning, and Bounce, the dog, with his head in the stone wall, was barking at a woodchuck that every now and then chick-err-rred defiance at all his efforts.

Hanse cast his big black eyes all about the blue sky, and sighed. Dimmy looked into the leather bag of beans which she was to plant, and drew a long breath, and little Pam leaned on her short hoe and sighed in sympathy.

"Too bad, ain't it?" said Hanse, in an aggrieved voice. "The birds don't have to plant beans!"

"Nor the woodchucks, nor—" said Dimmy.

"They have to build nests and lay eggs and—"

"Woodchucks lay eggs! No, no, Pam!" shouted Hanse, mockingly, cutting off a whole hill of new corn in his inattention, and bringing a hot flush of anger to little Pam's face.

"They dig holes, anyway!" she shouted back, flinging a handful of dirt at Hanse, "an' eats pa's beans!"

"I wish that one 'ud come out o' the wall an' eat the whole of these, bags an' all!" retorted Hanse.

"So do I! I hate to plant 'em!" cried Dimmy, throwing her big sunbonnet back from her sweaty face, and stamping her little bare, brown foot to emphasize the assertion.

"I don't like it, neither!" whimpered Pam.

"Well, let's not then!" said Hanse, boldly.

"Oh, we must!" cried the little girls. "We won't have any baked beans next winter."

"Who wants 'em?" sniffed Hanse. "I don't!" at which Dimmy and Pam mocked him.

By this time the three little planters were in high temper and felt very wicked, but at last Hanse, with a good deal of argument, won over his companions in distress, and they did a very sad thing. They emptied their bags of beans into a post-hole back of the barn, and put a stone on them. At dinner-time their father praised their swiftness, and gave them the afternoon for a holiday, and, forgetting for the time their reckless act, the children hied away up the river-bank, Hanse with a dogwood fish-pole over his shoulder, Dimmy carrying a lunch, and Pam the box of angle-worms.

Hanse played his hook a long time, but the fish would not bite and the children wandered on till they came within sight of the railway bridge. They had been told not to go upon it, but this day seemed full of a desire for disobedience and rebellion. They wanted to look down through the bridge into the rushing river. On they went at a run. But when they came to it a sorrowful sight met their eyes. There was "Africa", their father's old black horse, on the bridge, with his foot caught so that he could not get away.

Hanse shouted and Dimmy and Pam screamed with all their might; but it was of no use. Wouldn't Africa have been glad to have got off the terrible spot if he could? But he couldn't. Then the children began to think. The passenger train came by their home at three o'clock, and it seemed as late as that now to the terrified children.

What could they do? Poor old Africa! And the train!

"Run, Dimmy—Pam—quick!" cried Hanse, white with fear. "Gather brush—lots of it! Bonfire on the track!" And away he fled to a near woods, followed by the little girls. Armful after armful of dry brush they brought, running with all speed till quite a heap lay ready for lighting, some distance below the bridge. Then Hanse hunted out a match from his ragged pocket—what boy does not have a match?—and

A BRAVE LITTLE TRIO.

touched it off. Away leaped the flames into the air just as a distant rumble of the train came up the valley.

Fearful that the driver would not see the fire, the children tied their aprons and jackets on branches and ran toward the train waving them and shouting with all their might. He did see it, and stopped in time, and Africa was rescued, and the train was saved from a terrible accident.

Well, the children took Africa and went home with the praises and cheers of the happy passengers ringing after them.

How proud their father was of this act of courage and forethought!

But the children were not quite easy in their minds, and the more he praised them the worse they felt; and three heavy little hearts beat beneath two little patchwork quilts that night, and three pairs of eyes kept wide awake, thinking what could be done.

Early next morning, right away after prayers, three guilty-looking little culprits stole out back of the barn and, scooping the beans from the post-hole, planted them every one as quickly as they could, each hill in its proper place. It gave them all a backache, but it eased their hearts.—*Youth's Companion.*

TIME.

BY W. P. DRAPER.

[This was, says the *Golden Rule*, one of the brightest of many bright papers at the last Massachusetts Christian Endeavor Convention.]

Lost: Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, one golden hour, set with sixty diamond minutes!

Did you lose it?

Who has lost it?

Did you find it?

Did you ever think that one thing in this world is equally divided? I mean time as we divide it into twenty-four hours for a day. Each person, rich or poor, has twenty-four hours, a day and night. Let us ask ourselves to-day these questions:

Do I make the best use of the time I have, and am I using my moments to glorify God and to advance the interests of Christ and the Church?

For Christ and the Church; this is the watchword for Christian Endeavor.

Let us take each letter in this watchword to give us a line of thought as to the way in which we can use our time. And with the first letter, F, comes the thought that we can spend our time in

Forgiveness—We shall have opportunities all day long.

Organized effort—A source of success.

Reverence—A great need to-day.

Consecration—Brings us near to God.

Holy thoughts—Lead to pure lives.

Reflection—Helps us to appreciate blessings.

Individuality—Yet copy Christ.

Self-sacrifice—Out of selfishness.

True Principles—The foundation in true life.

Anxiety—For souls.

Naturalness—Grows out of individuality and self-sacrifice.

Devotion—No success without it.

Temperance—Help the weak.

Heavenly Aspirations—Look upward.

Enthusiasm—Gives power.

Charity—Blessing to others.

Hopefulness—Brings bright rays of light.

Usefulness—Brings happiness.

Recreation—All work and no play.

Contentment—With godliness great gain.

Helpfulness—Christ gives us example.

One golden hour I desire to speak about, that is, the prayer-meeting hour.

Did you ever hear a mother call her child, and the answer come, "Yes! in just a minute"?

Did you ever hear in your own heart the whisper, "Yes, I'll speak in just a minute"?

How many valuable moments are lost in this evening hour, and if we are never to find them, it behooves us to be very careful of them. In Ecclesiastes 3 we read: "There is a time for every purpose." Now, then, let us have a purpose for every time, and especially for the prayer-meeting hour.

The purpose of the leader should be to start on time.

Not to take up too much time.

Watch the moments, let none be lost.

Have plenty of time for prayer,—silent prayer, sentence prayer, united prayer,—time for testimonies and experience, time for requests.

Close on time.

All of us who unite in worship in this hour should purpose to bring something to it; then we surely can get something from it.

Let your individual purpose be to testify in every way to the helpfulness of the Christian religion.

Don't lose any of the early moments of the hour by being late.

Have time to sing, and *sing* in time. Be attentive and use your time. Don't take up too much time, remember others are anxious to speak or pray.

It is a peculiar task in five minutes to suggest how a day of 1440 minutes can best be used; yet we can in closing turn our thoughts to Buckminster's words:

"Believe me! Your time is *not* your own, it belongs to God, to religion and to mankind."

THE BLIND BASKET-GIRL.

A poor blind girl once brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for a missionary society. He, surprised that she should offer him so large a sum, said, "You, a poor blind girl! you can not afford to give so much as this."

"I am, indeed, sir, as you say, a blind girl, but not so poor, perhaps, as you may suppose me to be; and I can prove to you that I can better afford to gives these thirty shillings than those girls who have eyes."

The clergyman was, of course, deeply interested, and said, "I shall be glad to know how you make it out."

"Sir, I am a basket-maker, and, being blind, I can make as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure that during last winter, when it was so dark, it must have cost those girls that have eyes more than thirty shillings to buy candles; and so I can well afford to give that sum for the missionaries, and I hope you will take it all."

—Sunday-School Messenger.

HOW SLEIGH-BELLS ARE MADE.

It has, no doubt, been a mystery to many how the iron ball inside of sleigh-bells got there, and it is said to have taken considerable thought on the part of the discoverer before the idea struck him. In making sleigh-bells the iron ball is put inside a sand core, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mould is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This sand core with the jinglet inside is placed in the mould of the outside, and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the core and the mould. The hot metal burns the core so that it can be all shaken out, leaving the ball within the shell. Ball valves, swivel joints, and many other articles are cast in the same manner.—*Exchange.*

FAITHFUL IN THE PANTRY.

After breakfast one morning, the waiter-girl who had charge of the pantry of a large farm-house in England, locked it up for the rest of the day. In doing this, without knowing it, she had locked up in that pantry a great mastiff dog, belonging to the farm. On opening the pantry door, at the close of the day, she was frightened when she saw the dog come out. She expected to find that great mischief had been done by the dog. There were pans of milk, and loaves of bread, and joints of meat there. But the dog knew that he had no right to use these until they were offered to him. And so, hungry and thirsty as he was, he spent the whole day without touching one of those tempting things. What a lesson of faithfulness we have here!—*Rev. Richard Newton.*

NELLIE'S VICTORY.

MARGARET J. BIDWELL.

Somebody's darlings came down the street,
A bonny boy and a laughing girl,
The glow of health on each dimpled cheek,
While happiness lurked in each clustering curl.

A girl of seven, a boy of nine—
Not very wise, or great, or grand,
But each wore a tiny, glittering shield,
The badge of the Loyal Legion Band.

Into the drug store with dancing feet,
So dainty and fair in their childish grace,
Glad to exchange all the money they had
For the tempting goods in the handsome case.

The candy was purchased, the bill was paid,
And the white teeth were busy all in a trice,
When the boy exclaimed, "O Nellie! taste this!
I'm sure you will say it is very nice."

But the little maid with the laughing eyes,
Her chin scarce reaching the counter's edge,
Cried out, "O Charlie, don't eat that;
If you do, I am sure you will break your pledge."

She turned around with indignant face
To the smiling druggist who stood quite near,
And declared, "If you sell such stuff as that,
I won't ever buy any candy here."

And the man replied, with a merry air,
"I am sorry for that, my little maid,
But there are people who will, you know.
So I shall not fail if I lose your trade."

Into the street the children passed
The little girl's thoughts in angry whirl,
Thinking how wicked a man must be
To sell brandy drops to a boy or girl.

For the child had learned, in a bitter hour,
The name of the fiend who wrecks the home.
And had felt the weight of a father's hand
Made heavy and strong by the demon, Rum.

She pondered the matter over and over,
Tired, and almost ready to cry,
Till she thought, "If the people only knew,
I am sure they would not go there to buy."

The very next day the work began;
The crusader was only a household pet,
But she worked with a will in the little town,
Telling the story to all whom she met.

And some were amused by the earnest child,
As they watched her face, while she gravely stood
Waiting to have them sign their names,
And promise to help her all they could.

Modestly, bravely, on she trudged,
Forgetting herself and her childish games,
Till on Saturday, lo! on the "honor roll"
Were registered fully one hundred names.

And the druggist confessed as he watched the face
Whose earnestness glowed in its every line,
That though he could live without her trade,
He needed the other ninety-nine.

And he said, with a flush of conscious shame,
To the tired but happy little elf,
"If temperance turns out girls like you,
I'll join a Loyal Band myself."

—*Union Signal.*

WHAT HINDERED.

BY REV. T. D. WITHERSPOON, D. D.

"Here is an interesting case for you," said Mr. Moody, as he beckoned me to him in the inquiry-room; "here is a young woman who says she is willing to take Christ, and yet she gets no peace. There is something wrong; suppose you see if you can find out what it is." He led the way to where a young lady sat alone, evidently under deep emotion. A single glance at her face, turned anxiously up to mine, showed that she was a woman of intelligence and character. A moment's conversation also discovered that she was highly educated and of more than ordinary cultivation and refinement. The general outlines of her religious experience were soon disclosed. She had received early and careful religious training, and understood very clearly the plan of salvation. She accepted all the teachings of the word of God as to the sinfulness of her heart, and indeed was only too ready to write bitter things against herself. She had not, in so far as she knew, any feeling of pride which made her unwilling to cast herself at the Saviour's feet in humble and penitent confession. She was willing to do all and give up all for Him. She had no heart-idol that she was conscious of. She was not given to any form of social dissipation. A teacher by profession, and fond of literary pursuits, she did not go into fashionable society, cared nothing for the theatre or the ball-room, and led what would be called a very quiet, unworldly life. And yet she had tried again and again to give her heart to the Saviour, had attended various protracted meetings, had gone forward for prayer, had sought counsel of various ministers, had at times had a faint and fugitive ray of hope, but only to fall back again into the same state of spiritual darkness and doubt. Concluding that this was a case simply of morbid introspection, in which the spiritual eye is so occupied with one's own exercises as to lose sight of Christ, the great source of spiritual comfort and joy, I turned her thoughts entirely away from herself, and for half an hour engaged her in looking over with me the richest passages of the Word of God which told of the power and love and grace of Christ.

As we parted for the evening I marked out for her a course of reading in the Gospel of John, and confidently expected that when we met next evening all would be right; but next night she was just where she had been the night before, and so it continued through night after night in the inquiry-room and visit after visit in her home, until I felt that I had exhausted all my resources of pastoral experiences, and had called in the counsel of other brethren, but with no different result. At length I resolved to ask her to tell me everything she had done since we last conversed. All went well until I asked her what books she had read, and then the secret spot was touched, as she informed me that for years it had been her custom to lie down at night with a favorite novel in her hand and a lamp at the head of her bed, and read until overcome with sleep. And when I asked her for the names of the novels she had last read I saw in an instant what hindered her from coming to Christ. The sparks that had been kindled in the sanctuary and that only needed to be fanned into flame with the breath of prayer, had been subjected every night to the choke-damp of a highly sensational novel in which religion was travestied, vice clothed in attractive garb and the imagination filled with pictures whose whole tendency was to deaden religious sensibility and dissipate serious impression. It cannot be doubted that thousands of our most gifted and cultivated young people are making shipwreck of their religious hopes on this same rock. The mania for the trashy, sentimental, semi-infidel literature that is teeming from the presses is enough to fill every Christian and philanthropist with alarm.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

ECHOES Y. P. S. C. E.

THE LARGEST DELEGATED CONVENTION EVER HELD—CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND TEMPERANCE.

A crowd of five thousand people is anywhere an inspiring sight. Such an audience coming together to discuss the best methods of advancing the Christian work is an incident of which to make special note. A gathering of six or seven thousand called together from the four quarters of the continent in the hottest month of the year and in one of the hottest cities of the Union, coming at great expense of time and money to confer with one another for three days together on the best means of advancing the cause of Christ throughout the world is a sight to fill the most downcast Christian with a new and abiding hope, and to make the most confirmed sceptic reconsider his decision.

The growth of the Christian Endeavor movement is one of the wonders of the present century. From one society in a little town in Maine, organized in 1881, the work has spread all over the continent, taken root in Europe, Asia, Japan, and the islands of the sea, and this present month numbers some 4,000 societies, with a membership of 500,000.

Such a gathering has never been in Philadelphia or, perhaps, any other city. During the days of the meeting, go in whatever part of the city you would you could not escape the hurrying groups of men and women, a glance at whose badges, from one to four in number, was the only introduction you required. Up and down Broad street and between the new public buildings and the First Regiment Armory Hall, where the meetings were held, there was almost a continuous procession. At the close of each meeting it took fully half an hour to clear the hall, and in a very few minutes after it began to fill again for the next meeting. Even early rising had no terrors for these enthusiasts, and at the 6.30 a.m. prayer-meeting almost every chair in the vast building was occupied. It was hard to realize that this was only the eighth anniversary of the movement. It was much more like the centennial. The Rev. J. T. Beckley, D.D., President of the Pennsylvania Union, in his opening address voiced the sentiment of the convention when he said they had met at this time to show the metal of Christian Endeavor enthusiasm which could be neither burned, melted nor evaporated, and if it could stand Philadelphia in July it had nothing to fear.

The genius of the Christian Endeavor movement was well shown in this address. It represents three elements, the power of co-operation, the force of disciplined discipleship, the influence of a special type. While men were mourning over the "scandal of a divided Christendom" and were waiting for some power to heal schism, this presented practical co-operation. Some things were worse than division. Stagnation was worse. The age of church unity was not an age of aggression. It was not an age of missionary enterprise, it was not an age with an open Bible. This was the age of association. We might lament that the sphere of single-handed endeavor had been usurped by the power of organization. There was a romance about the lonely missionary who went forth to subdue an empire for Christ. In the days of chivalry battle was a duel, but we do not win our battles that way. Now the victory turns on organization, and if we have fewer heroes we have far more soldiers of the cross. The strength of Christian Endeavorers was that they had learned to keep rank. Their aim was not to build up an organization but character. In the pledge was their chief strength. It was feared by many that the pledge was too severe, but the mistake hitherto made by the churches of America was asking not too much of her young people, but too little. A Christian Endeavor Society without a pledge was like a man without a backbone. Hitherto the church in America had demanded far too little of her young people. It was not the business of the church to amuse them but to plan how best to set them to work and this movement was solving the problem as nothing else had done.

One of the most practical parts of the whole convention was the questions and answers. One asked "Are church members permitted to join the society as associate members?" "No," most emphatically, the society was a half-way house either into the church or out of it. The two kinds of membership had been well defined by a little girl who said, "the active members are those who are members of the church and the associate members are those that are going to be." Was it allowable to change from an active to an associate member? It was not only not allowable, it was unthinkable. Through the efforts of the Christian Endeavor Societies through the country forty-five thousand young people have united with the church. That the Christian Endeavor movement stands everywhere for loyalty to Christ, was one of the most loudly applauded sentiments of the whole convention. This the Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D. D., proclaimed as the corner and top stone of the whole movement. The sole object of their allegiance was the personal, divine Christ. What would be our position to-day if Christ had never risen? Other religions have exalted faulty men and thus having sown the wind of folly have reaped the whirlwind of degradation.

"What should be the attitude of the Christian Endeavor Society towards the liquor traffic?" was one of the practical questions asked, and the emphatic answer, "Fight it always and everywhere," was cheered to the echo.

So much at present by way of a bird's-eye view of the meetings. Practical methods discussed must be left for another article. C. R.

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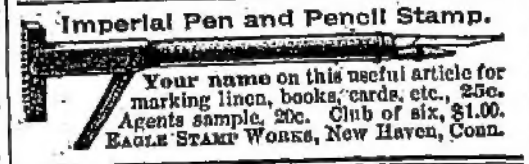

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